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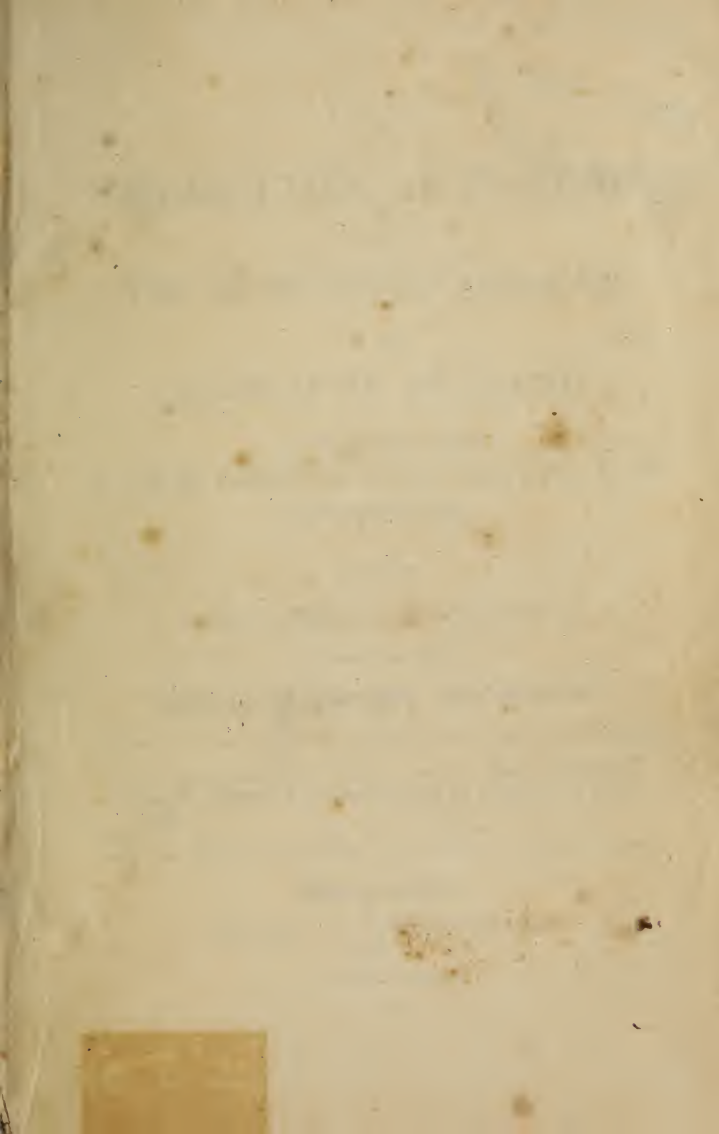
William Tucker
Easter Sunday
1830. E.P.

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A

SELECTION OF PSALMS,

FROM

THE AUTHORIZED VERSIONS,

OF THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

**A FEW HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR
OCCASIONS.**

FOR THE

USE OF THE CONGREGATION

ATTENDING THE

Church of Preston cum Sutton.

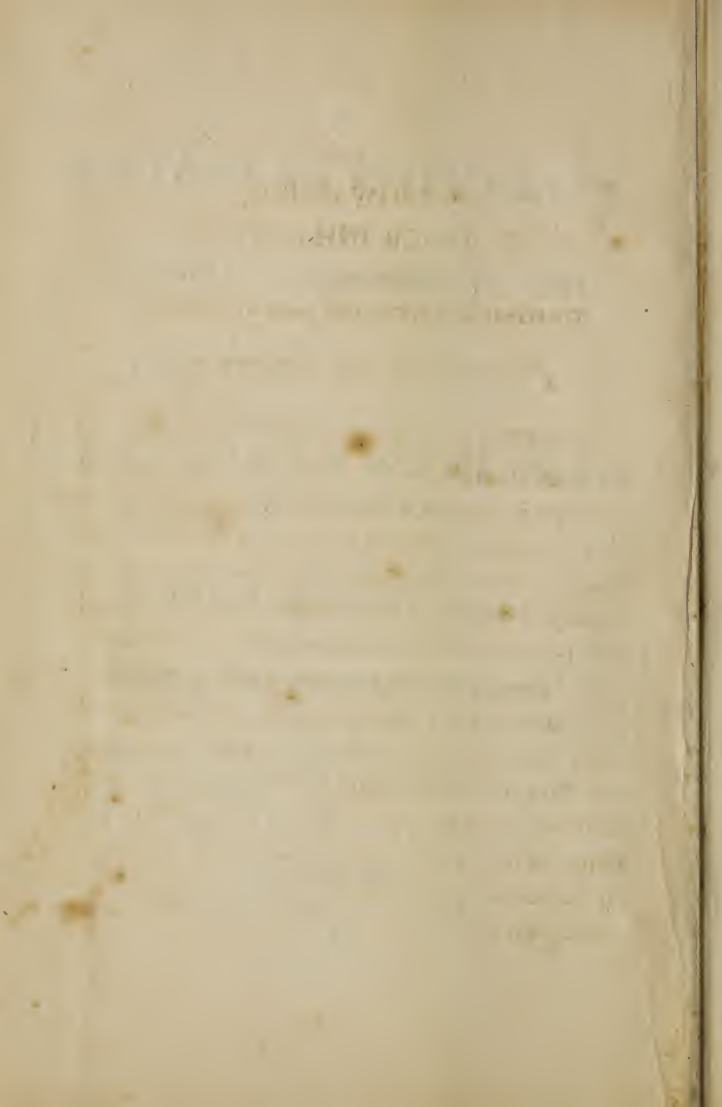
Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual
Songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the
LORD. *Ephesians, v. 19.*

OCTAVIUS PIERSON CAMP

Weymouth:

PRINTED BY JOHN COMMINS,
1829.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



TO THE
CHURCHWARDENS
AND OTHER INHABITANTS
OF THE
PARISH of PRESTON cum SUTTON.

WHEN I consider how much your time and attention are necessarily occupied in your various worldly avocations during the greater part of the week, and how difficult it must be to turn your thoughts from the things of *time* to those of *eternity*—from the cares and anxieties of the *poor perishing body* to those of the *never-dying soul*, during that short period of it which is more immediately dedicated to the service of GOD; when, I say, I reflect on these things, I feel that it is incumbent upon me as your Minister, to endeavor to furnish you with such helps, as may appear best calculated (under the divine teaching) to assist you in the arduous undertaking.

With this object in view, I have been induced to make the following Selection from the AUTHORIZED VERSIONS of the Book of Psalms ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that if *properly* used, whether in your private devotions, or in the Public Services of the Sanctuary, it would tend much to promote that spirituality of mind, and that devotedness of the heart to GOD, without which our best doings are but “ *as sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal.*”

The necessity for making such Selections, and of endeavoring as much as in us lays, to improve the Psalmody of the Church, with a view to the spiritual edification of her worshippers, has been long since pointed out by some of her most eminent Divines ; among others by the late pious and learned Dr. Porteus, Lord Bishop of London ; who in his primary Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese recommended, “ That a Selection should be made of proper portions of the Psalms from the NEW VERSION,” and this very judicious recommendation, has in many instances been complied with by the Parochial Clergy. Hence

numerous Selections are to be found in different Parishes throughout the kingdom. In the present Selection, however, I have not strictly confined myself to the **NEW**, but have occasionally taken a Psalm from the **OLD VERSION**, when it appeared better adapted to the object which I had before me. I have also added a few Hymns, which I trust will not be altogether unacceptable.

With respect to the work itself, I have no claim to any merit, (if merit it has) beyond that of having endeavored to select such verses from the different Psalms and Hymns, as appeared to me best suited to express the wants and desires, the prayers and the praises of a *Christian* Congregation. Should I prove to have succeeded in this attempt — should it be the means of aiding any poor sinner in his approaches to the throne of grace, of strengthening the weak, comforting the distressed, or helping the weary Pilgrim on his journey to the heavenly **CANAAN**, it would indeed be a cause of the most unfeigned gratitude: but should it even be otherwise, it will still be some satisfaction to have made the attempt.

And now Brethren, having given you this brief sketch of the *object* which I have had in view in making this little Selection for your use, I commend it into your hands. That it may be the means of promoting your spiritual edification — that it may be the means of enabling us all to unite more cordially than we have hitherto done, in singing the praises of our GOD and SAVIOUR here *below*, as we hope to do hereafter in the Realms *above*, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate Friend

And Minister,

OCTAVIUS PIERS.

Preston, May 28th, 1829

Morning Hymn.



AWAKE, my Soul ! and with the Sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Glory to Thee who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant LORD, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my pow'rs with all their might
In thy sole Glory may unite.

Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Evening Hymn.



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GLORY to Thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear SON,
The ills, that I, this day, have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Oh ! may my Soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To serve my GOD when I awake.

Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

PSALM I. (N. V.)

TUNE, "BEDFORD."

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect Law of GOD
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find ;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

For GOD approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM IV. (N. V.)

TUNE, "PEACE."

WHILE worldly minds impatient grow
 More prosp'rous times to see,
 Still let the glories of Thy face
 Shine brightly, LORD, on me.

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
 More lasting and more true,
 Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
 Successively renew.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
 And take my needful rest ;
 No other guard, O LORD, I crave,
 Of Thy defence possess.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be glory; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore,

PSALM V. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "SOLEMNITY."

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 To Thee alone, my KING, my GOD,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
 And with the dawning day
 To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To Thee devoutly pray.

For Thou the wrongs that I sustain
 Canst never, LORD, approve ;
 Who from Thy sacred Dwelling-place
 All evil dost remove.

Not long shall stubborn fools remain
 Unpunish'd in thy view ;
 All such as act unrighteous things
 Thy vengeance shall pursue.

But when thy boundless Grace shall me
 To thy lov'd Courts restore,
 On Thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly Thee adore.

PSALM VIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "LANDSDOWN."

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the World how great art Thou !
 How Glorious is thy NAME !

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there ;
 And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.

When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight ;
 The Moon that nightly rules the Sky,
 With Stars of feebler light.

What's Man, I say, that Thou shouldst love,
 To keep him in thy mind ? [prove,
 Man's offspring, what, that Thou shouldst
 To them so wond'rous kind ?

O THOU, to whom all Creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the World how Great art THOU !
 How Glorious is THY NAME !

PSALM IX. (N, V.)

 TUNE, "THANKSGIVING."

TO celebrate Thy praise, O LORD,
 I will my heart prepare ;
 To all the list'ning World thy Works,
 Thy wond'rous works, declare.

The thoughts of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring ;
 Whilst to thy Name, O THOU MOST HIGH,
 Triumphant Praise I'll sing.

All those who have thy Goodness prov'd
 Will in thy Truth confide ;
 Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the man
 That on thy help relied.

Sing praises therefore to the LORD,
 From Sion, his abode ;
 Proclaim his Deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other GOD.

TO FATHER SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be glory ; as it was ~~of old~~, is now
 And shall be evermore.

PSALM XIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "FUNERAL."

HOW long wilt Thou forget me LORD ?
 Must I for ever mourn ?
 How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,
 Oh! never to return ?

How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
 And grief my heart oppress ?
 How long my enemies insult,
 And I have no redress.

O hear, and to my longing eyes
 Restore thy wonted Light ;
 And suddenly, or I shall sleep
 In Everlasting Night.

Restore me, lest they proudly boast
 'Twas their own strength o'ercame ;
 Permit not them that vex my soul
 To triumph in my shame.

Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
 To Thee, my GOD, ascend ;
 Who to thy servant in distress
 Such Bounty didst-extend.

PSALM XVI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "FROME."

MY lot is fall'n in that blest Land
 Where GOD is truly known ;
 He fills my cup with lib'ral hand ;
 'Tis He supports my throne.

Therefore my Soul shall bless the LORD,
 Whose Precepts give me light,
 And private counsel still afford
 In sorrow's dismal night.

I'll strive each action to approve
 To his all-seeing Eye ;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because He still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice ;
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

HE shall the paths of life display,
 That to his presence lead ;
 Where Pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "REFUGE."

THE LORD did on my side engage,
 From Heav'n, his Throne, my cause upheld;
 And snatch'd me from the furious rage
 Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.

That He the humble soul will save,
 And crush the haughty's boasted might,
 In me the LORD an instance gave,
 Whose Darkness He has turned to Light.

For God's Designs shall still succeed ;
 His Word will bear the utmost test :
 He's a strong shield to all that need,
 And on his sure Protection rest.

Who then deserves to be ador'd,
 But GOD, on whom my hopes depend ?
 Or who, except the Mighty LORD,
 Can with resistless pow'r defend ?

Therefore to celebrate his Fame
 My grateful voice to Heav'n I'll raise ;
 And Nations, strangers to his NAME,
 Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.

PSALM XVIII. (O. V.)

 TUNE, "ADVENT."

THE LORD descended from above,
 And bow'd the heav'ns most high,
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubs and on Cherubims
 Full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

Unspotted are the ways of GOD,
 His Word is purely try'd ;
 He is a sure defence to such
 As in his faith abide.

For who is GOD, except the LORD ?
 For other there is none ;
 Or else who is omnipotent,
 Saving our GOD alone.

Then blessed be the living LORD,
 Most worthy of all praise ;
 He is my Rock and saving health,
 Praised be He always.

PSALM XIX. (N. V.)

TUNE, "CREATION."

THE Heav'ns declare Thy glory, LORD,
Which that alone can fill ;
The Firmament and Stars express
Their Great CREATOR'S skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no Realm
Or Region is confin'd ;
Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display ;
Whose bright contents the circling Sun
Does round the world convey.

From East to West, from West to East,
His restless course he goes ;
And through his progress cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PSALM XIX. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "CREATION."

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THE Statutes of the LORD are just,
 And bring sincere delight ;
 His pure Commands, in search of Truth,
 Assist the feeblest sight.

Of more esteem than golden mines,
 Or gold refin'd with skill ;
 More sweet than honey, or the drops
 That from the comb distil.

My trusty Counsellors they are,
 And friendly warnings give ;
 Divine rewards attend on those
 Who by their precepts live.

But what frail man observes how oft
 He does from virtue fall ?
 O cleanse me from my secret faults,
 Thou GOD that know'st them all.

So shall my pray'r and praises be
 With Thy acceptance blest ;
 And I secure on Thy Defence,
 My Strength and SAVIOUR, rest.

PSALM XXI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "CORONATION."

THE KING, O LORD with songs of praise
 Did in thy strength rejoice ;
 With thy Salvation crown'd did raise,
 To Heav'n his cheerful voice.

For Thou, whate'er his lips request,
 Not only dost impart ;
 But hast with thy acceptance blest
 The wishes of his heart.

He pray'd for life, and Thou, O LORD,
 Didst to his prayer attend ;
 And graciously to Him afford
 A Life that ne'er shall end.

Thy sure defence through Nations round
 Has spread His Glorious NAME ;
 And his successful actions crown'd
 With Majesty and Fame.

Eternal blessings Thou bestow'st,
 And mak'st His joys increase ;
 Whilst Thou to Him unclouded show'st
 The brightness of Thy Face.

PSALM XXII. (N. V.)

TUNE, "GOOD FRIDAY."

MY GOD, MY GOD, why leav'st Thou me
When I with anguish faint ?

O why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint ?

All day, but all the day unheard,
To Thee do I complain ;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.

With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey ;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus deriding say :

In GOD He trusted, boasting oft
That He was Heav'n's delight :
Let GOD come down to save Him now,
And own his Favourite.

Withdraw not then so far from Me,
When trouble is so nigh ;
O send Me help ! Thy help, on which
I only can rely.

PSALM XXIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "BRISTOL."

THE LORD himself, the Mighty LORD,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
 The SHEPHERD, by whose constant care
 My wants are all supplied.

In tender grass He makes me feed,
 And gently there repose ;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
 And to His endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk
 In His most holy ways.

I'll pass the gloomy vale of Death,
 From fear and danger free ;
 For there his aiding Rod and Staff
 Shall guide and comfort me.

And since He does his wond'rous Love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to Him I will devote,
 And in His Temple spend.

PSALM XXIII. (O. V.)

 TUNE, "BRISTOL."

MY SHEPHERD is the living LORD,
 Nothing therefore I need ;
 In pastures fair, near pleasant streams
 He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my Soul,
 And bring my mind in frame,
 To walk in paths of righteousness,
 For his MOST HOLY NAME.

Yea, though I walk in vale of Death,
 Yet will I fear no ill ;
 Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
 And Thou art with me still ;

And in the presence of my foes
 My table Thou dost spread ;
 Thou dost fill full my cup, and Thou
 Anointed hast my head.

Thro' all my life thy favour is
 So frankly shew'd to me,
 That in thy house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

PSALM XXV. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ST. MARK."

TO GOD, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice ;
 O let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.

Those who on Thee rely,
 Let no disgrace attend ;
 Be that the shameful lot of such
 As wilfully offend.

To me thy Truth impart,
 And lead me in thy Way ;
 For Thou art He that brings me help,
 On Thee I'll wait all day.

Thy Mercies and thy Love,
 O LORD, recall to mind ;
 And graciously continue still,
 As Thou wert ever, kind.

Since Mercy is the Grace
 That most exalts thy Fame,
 Forgive my heinous sins ; O LORD,
 And so advance Thy NAME.

PSALM XXV. PART II. (N. V.)

TUNE, "ST. MARK."

WHOE'ER with humble fear
To GOD his duty pays,
Shall find the LORD a faithful Guide
In all his righteous ways.

For GOD to all his Saints
His sacred Will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

O turn, and all my griefs,
In mercy, LORD, redress ;
For I am compass'd round with woes,
And plung'd in deep distress.

Let all Thy gracious acts
To full perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant hope
On Thee alone relies.

To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind ;
And in the midst of all their wants
Let them Thy Succour find.

PSALM XXXI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ST. MARY REDCLIFFE."

THY Mercy, LORD, display,
 And hear my just complaint ;
 For both my Soul and flesh decay,
 With grief and hunger faint.

Sad thoughts my life oppress ;
 My years are spent in groans ;
 My sins have made my flesh decrease,
 And e'en consum'd my bones.

My foes my suff'rings mock'd ;
 My neighbours did upbraid ;
 My friends, at sight of me, were shock'd,
 And fled as men dismay'd.

Forsook by all am I,
 As dead and out of mind ;
 And like a shatter'd vessel lie,
 Whose parts can ne'er be join'd.

But still my steadfast trust
 I on thy help repose ;
 That Thou, my GOD, art good and just,
 My Soul with comfort knows.

PSALM XXXIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "PROSPECT."

Let all the just to GOD with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lutes
 In joyful concert meet,
 And new-made songs of loud applause
 The harmony complete.

For faithful is the Word of GOD,
 His works with truth abound ;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with His goodness crown'd.

Whate'er the mighty LORD decrees
 Shall stand for ever sure ;
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To Ages shall endure.

How happy then are they, to whom
 The LORD for GOD is known ;
 Whom He from all the World besides
 Has chosen for HIS OWN.

PSALM XXXIV. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "SALEM."

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my GOD shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of His Deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the LORD with me,
 With me exalt his Name ;
 When in distress to Him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
 Who look'd to Him for aid ;
 Desir'd success in ev'ry face
 A cheerful air display'd.

O make but trial of his Love,
 Experience will decide,
 How bless'd are they, and only they,
 Who in His Truth confide.

PSALM XXXIV. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "SALEM."

THE LORD from heaven beholds the just
 With favourable eyes ;
 And, when distress'd, his gracious Ear
 Is open to their cries.

But turns his wrathful look on those .
 Whom mercy can't reclaim,
 To cut them off, and from the earth
 Blot out their hated name.

Deliv'rance to his Saints He gives,
 When His Relief they crave,
 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
 And contrite spirit save.

The Wicked from their wicked arts
 Their ruin shall derive ;
 Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
 Shall them and theirs survive.

For GOD preserves, the Souls of those
 Who on his Truth depend,
 To Them and their Posterity
 His Blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXIX. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "WINDSOR."

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LORD, let me know my term of days,
 How soon my life will end ;
 The num'rous train of ills disclose,
 Which this frail state attend.

My life, Thou know'st is but a span,
 A cipher sums my years ;
 And ev'ry man, in best estate,
 But vanity appears.

He like a shadow vainly walks,
 With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
 He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be possess'd.

Why then should I on worthless toys
 With anxious care attend ?
 On THEE alone my steadfast hope
 Shall ever LORD depend.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

PSALM XL. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "MILGROVE."

I WAITED meekly for the LORD,
 Till He vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;
 Who did His gracious Ear afford,
 And heard from Heav'n my humble cry.

He took me from the dismal pit,
 When founder'd deep in miry clay :
 On solid ground He plac'd my feet,
 And suffer'd not my steps to stray.

The wonders He for me has wrought
 Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;
 And others, to his worship brought,
 To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
 Which Thou O GOD, for us hast wrought !
 The treasures of Thy Love surmount
 The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

Then let all those who seek thy face,
 To joyful triumphs now be rais'd ;
 And all who praise thy Saving Grace,
 With me resound, THE LORD BE PRAIS'D.

PSALM XLI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ST. ANNE'S."

HAPPY the man whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distress ;
 When troubles compass him around,
 The LORD shall give him rest.

The LORD his life, with blessings crown'd,
 In safety shall prolong ;
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.

If he, in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness lie ;
 The LORD will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

Secure of this, to Thee, my GOD,
 I thus my pray'r address'd :
 LORD, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
 Though I have much transgress'd.

Let therefore Israel's LORD and GOD
 From Age to Age be blest'd ;
 And all His people's glad applause
 With loud AMENS express'd.

PSALM XLII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "WORSHIP."

As pants the Hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase ;
 So longs my Soul, O GOD, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing Grace.

For Thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
 My thirsty Soul doth pine ;
 O when shall I behold Thy Face,
 Thou MAJESTY DIVINE!

Tears are my constant food, while thus
 Insulting foes upbraid :
 Deluded wretch ! where's now thy GOD ?
 And where His promis'd Aid ?

One trouble calls another on,
 And gath'ring o'er my head,
 Fall spouting down, till round my Soul
 A roaring sea is spread.

But when Thy presence, LORD OF LIFE,
 Has once dispell'd this storm,
 To THEE I'll midnight Anthems sing,
 And all my Vows perform.

PSALM XLIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, " BRITISH."

LET me with Light and Truth be blest,
 Be these my guides to lead the way,
 Till on thy Holy Hill I rest,
 And in Thy Sacred Temple pray.

Then will I there fresh altars raise
 To GOD, who is my only joy ;
 And well-tuned Harps, with songs of Praise,
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.

Why then cast down, my Soul ? and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious care ?
 On GOD, thy GOD, for aid rely,
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory ; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM L. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "TRUMPET."

THE LORD hath spoke, the Mighty GOD
 Hath sent His summons all abroad,
 From dawning light, till day declines :
 The list'ning Earth His voice hath heard,
 And He from Sion hath appear'd,
 Where beauty in perfection shines.

Our GOD shall come, and keep no more
 Misconstru'd silence, as before ;
 But wasting flames before Him send :
 Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
 While He does Heav'n and Earth engage
 His just Tribunal to attend.

Assemble all my Saints to Me,
 (Thus runs the great divine Decree,)
 That in my lasting cov'nant live ;
 And off'rings bring with constant care :
 The Heav'n's His Justice shall declare ;
 For GOD himself shall sentence give.

PSALM LVII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "MELODY."

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present ;
 And with my heart my voice I'll raise,
 To Thee, my GOD, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory ; Harp and Lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute ;
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, LORD, I will resound
 To all the list'ning Nations round :
 Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends,
 Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high ;
 And as Thy Glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on Earth display'd,
 Till Thou art here as there, obey'd.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory ; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM LXI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "DEVOTION."

LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r,
 Which I, oppress'd with grief,
 From Earth's remotest parts address
 To Thee for kind relief.

O lodge me safe beyond the reach
 Of persecuting pow'r ;
 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
 Hast been my shelt'ring tow'r.

So shall I in Thy sacred Courts
 Secure from danger lie ;
 Beneath the covert of Thy Wings
 All future storms defy.

So shall I ever sing Thy Praise,
 Thy Name for ever bless ;
 Devote my future days to pay
 The vows of my distress.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be Glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

PSALM LXIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "SUPPLICATION."

O GOD, my gracious GOD, to Thee
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
 For Thee my thirsty Soul doth pant :
 My fainting flesh implores Thy Grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing Waters want.

O to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious Pow'r restore,
 Which Thy Majestic House displays !
 Because to me thy wond'rous Love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak Thy Praise.

When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, LORD, art present to my mind ;
 And when I wake in dead of night :
 Because Thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of Thy Wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXVI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ACCLAMATION."

LET all the Lands with shouts of joy
 To GOD their voices raise ;
 Sing Psalms in honour of His Name,
 And spread His Glorious Praise.

Through all the Earth the Nations round
 Shall Thee their GOD confess ;
 And with glad Hymns their awful dread
 Of Thy Great Name express.

O come, behold the works of GOD,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That He to all the Sons of men
 Has wond'rous Judgments shown.

He made the sea become dry land,
 Through which our Fathers walk'd ;
 Whilst to each other of His Might
 With joy His People talk'd.

He by His pow'r for ever rules ;
 His Eyes the World survey ;
 Let no presumptuous man rebel
 Against His Sovereign sway.

PSALM LXVI. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "HARMONY."

O ALL ye Nations, bless our God,
 And loudly speak his praise ;
 Who keeps our soul alive, and still
 Confirms our steadfast ways.

For Thou hast tried us, LORD, as fire
 Does try the precious ore ;
 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
 Oppressing burdens bore.

Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
 Through fire and water chase ;
 But yet at last Thou brought'st us forth
 Into a wealthy place.

Then bless'd for ever be our GOD,
 Who never, when we pray,
 Withholds His Mercy from our souls,
 Nor turns his Face away.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

PSALM LXVII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "BATH."

TO bless Thy Chosen Race,
 In Mercy, LORD, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all Thy Saints to shine.

That so Thy wond'rous Way
 May through the World be known,
 Whilst distant Lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join
 To celebrate Thy Fame ;
 Let all the World, O LORD, combine
 To praise Thy Glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth,
 For Thou the righteous JUDGE and KING,
 Shall govern all the Earth.

Let diff'ring Nations join
 To celebrate thy Fame ;
 Let all the World, O LORD, combine
 To praise THY GLORIOUS NAME.

PSALM LXXXIV. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "BETHEL."

O GOD of hosts, the Mighty LORD,
 How lovely is the Place,
 Where THOU enthron'd in glory shew'st
 The brightness of Thy face!

My longing Soul faints with desire
 To view Thy blest Abode ;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, the living GOD.

For in Thy Courts one single day
 'Tis Better to attend,
 Than, LORD, in any place besides
 A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in Thy House will I
 The meanest office take,
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin
 My pompous dwelling make.

For GOD, who is our Sun and Shield,
 Will Grace and Glory give ;
 And no good thing will He withhold
 From them that with Him live.

PSALM LXXXIV. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "TEMPLE."

O LORD of Hosts, my KING and GOD,
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in Thy Temple always dwell,
 And there Thy Praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
 Their sure protection made;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to Thy dwelling lead!

Who pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
 Yet no refreshment want;
 Their pools are fill'd with rain, which Thou
 At their request dost grant.

Thus they proceed from strength to
 And still approach more near, [strength,
 Till all on Sion's Holy Mount
 Before their GOD appear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be Glory; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

PSALM LXXXVI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "LENT."

TO my complaint, O LORD my GOD,
 Thy gracious Ear incline;
 Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
 Of all relief but Thine.

Do Thou, O GOD, preserve my Soul,
 That does Thy Name adore;
 Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
 Relies on Thee, restore.

To me, who daily Thee invoke,
 Thy Mercy, LORD, extend;
 Refresh Thy servant's Soul, whose hopes
 On Thee alone depend.

Teach me Thy way, O LORD, that I
 From truth may ne'er depart;
 In rev'ence to Thy Sacred Name
 Devoutly fix my heart.

Then will I praise, O LORD my GOD,
 Praise Thee with heart sincere;
 And to Thy EVERLASTING NAME
 Eternal Trophies rear.

PSALM LXXXVI. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "LENT."

THOU, LORD, art good; nor only good,
 But prompt to pardon too;
 Of plenteous mercy to all those
 Who for Thy Mercy sue.

To my repeated humble pray'r,
 O LORD, attentive be;
 When troubled I on Thee will call,
 For Thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there's none like Thee,
 O LORD, alone divine:
 To Thee as much inferior they,
 As are their works to Thine.

Therefore their great CREATOR Thee
 The Nations shall adore,
 Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
 To Thy blest Name restore.

All shall confess Thee great, and great
 The wonders Thou hast done:
 Confess Thee GOD, the GOD supreme;
 Confess Thee GOD alone.

PSALM LXXXVIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "COMPLAINT."

TO THEE, my GOD and SAVIOUR, I
 By day and night address my cry ;
 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
 To my distress incline Thine Ear.

For seas of trouble me invade,
 My Soul draws nigh to death's cold shade ;
 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
 They number me among the dead.

Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
 Afflicting me with restless pain ;
 Me all Thy mountain waves have prest,
 Too weak, alas ! to bear the least.

Shall the mute grave Thy Love confess ?
 A mould'ring tomb Thy faithfulness ?
 Thy Truth and Pow'r renown obtain,
 Where darkness and oblivion reign.

To Thee O LORD, I cry, forlorn ;
 My pray'r prevents the early morn.
 Why hast Thou, LORD, my Soul forsook ?
 Once more vouchsafe a gracious look.

PSALM LXXXIX. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "PORTUGUESE."

THY Mercies, LORD, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell ;
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
 Thy Mercy shall for ever last :
 Thy Truth that does the Heav'ns sustain,
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.

Thus spak'st Thou by the Prophet's voice,
 With DAVID I a league have made ;
 To Him, my Servant and my choice,
 By solemn Oath this grant convey'd :

While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
 Thy Seed shall in my sight remain :
 To them Thy Throne I will ensure ;
 They shall to endless Ages reign.

For such stupendous Truth and Love
 Both Heav'n and Earth just praises owe,
 By choirs of Angels sung above,
 And by assembled Saints below.

PSALM LXXXIX. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "PORTUGUESE."

THUS spake the **LORD** by prophet's voice:
 A mighty Champion I will send;
 From Judah's tribe have I made choice
 Of One who shall the rest defend.

To Him My Mercy I'll secure,
 My Cov'nant make for ever fast:
 His Seed for ever shall endure;
 His Throne, till Heav'n dissolves shall last.

But if his heirs my law forsake,
 And from My sacred Precepts stray;
 If they My righteous Statutes break,
 Nor strictly My Commands obey:

Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
 And for their folly make them smart;
 Yet will not cease to be their **GOD**,
 Nor from My Truth, like them, depart.

My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 But in rememb'rance fast retain:
 The thing that once My lips have spoke
 Shall in Eternal force remain.

PSALM LXXXIX. PART III. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "PORTUGUESE."

MY Servant DAVID I have found,
 With Holy Oil anointed Him ;
 Him shall the hand support that crown'd,
 And guard that gave the diadem.

No prince from Him shall tribute force,
 No son of strife shall Him annoy ;
 His spiteful foes I will disperse,
 And them before His face destroy.

My Truth and Grace shall Him sustain ;
 His armies, in well-order'd ranks,
 Shall conquer from the Tyrian main,
 To Tigris and Euphrates' banks.

Me for His FATHER He shall take,
 His GOD and ROCK of safety call ;
 Him I my first-born SON will make,
 And earthly kings His subjects all.

Once have I sworn, but once for all,
 And made My Holiness the tie,
 That I My grant will ne'er recall,
 Nor to My Servant DAVID lie.

PSALM XC. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "EXETER."

x
 THOU turnest man, O LORD, to dust,
 Of which he first was made;
 And when Thou speak'st the word, Return,
 'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in Thy sight a thousand years
 Are like a day that's past,
 Or like a watch in dead of night,
 Whose hours unminded waste.

Our term of time is seventy years,
 An age that few survive;
 But if, with more than common strength,
 To eighty we arrive;

Yet then our boasted strength decays,
 To sorrow turn'd, and pain:
 So soon the slender thread is cut,
 And we no more remain.

Then teach us, LORD, th' uncertain sum
 Of our short days to mind,
 That to true Wisdom all our Hearts
 May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM XCII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "MARSHFIELD."

HOW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the LORD Most High ;
 And with repeated Hymns of praise
 His Name to magnify !

With every morning's early dawn
 His goodness to relate ;
 And of His constant Truth each night
 The glad effects repeat !

How wond'rous are Thy works O LORD !
 How deep are Thy Decrees !
 Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
 No stupid sinner sees.

He little thinks, when wicked men,
 Like grass, look fresh and gay,
 How soon their short-liv'd splendour must
 For ever pass away.

But Thou, my GOD, art still most high,
 And all Thy lofty foes,
 Who thought they might securely sin,
 Shall be o'erwhelmed with woes.

PSALM XCV. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "PASTORAL."

O COME, loud Anthems let us sing,
 Loud Thanks to our ALMIGHTY KING ;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our Salvation's ROCK we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
 To thank Him for His Favours past ;
 To Him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to His NAME belongs.

For GOD, the LORD, enthron'd in state
 Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
 A KING superior far to all,
 Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

The depths of Earth are in His Hand,
 Her secret wealth at His Command ;
 The strength of hills that reach the Skies
 Subjected to His Empire lies.

O let us to His Courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the LORD our MAKER fall.

PSALM XCVI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ST. NICHOLAS."

SING to the LORD a new-made song
 Let Earth in one assembled throng,
 Her common Patron's praise resound.
 Sing to the LORD, and bless His NAME,
 From day to day His Praise proclaim,
 Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
 To heathen Lands His Fame rehearse,
 His Wonders to the Universe.

He's great and greatly to be prais'd:
 In Majesty and Glory rais'd
 Above all other deities.
 For pageantry and idols all
 Are they whom gods the Heathen call;
 HE only rules who made the skies.
 With majesty and honour crown'd,
 Beauty and strength His Throne surround.

Be therefore both to Him restor'd,
 By you who have false gods ador'd;
 Ascribe due honour to His NAME:
 Peace off'rings on His altar lay,
 Before His Throne your homage pay,
 Which He, and He alone, can claim.
 To worship at His Sacred Court
 Let all the trembling World resort.

PSALM XCVII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "MECKLENBURG."

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
 In his just government rejoice ;
 Let all the Isles, with sacred mirth,
 In His applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
 His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
 Justice and Truth His guards are made,
 And, fix'd by His pavilion, wait.

Confounded be their impious host,
 Who make the gods to whom they pray ;
 All who of pageant idols boast,
 To Him, henceforth, your worship pay.

For Thou, O GOD, art seated high,
 Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd ;
 Thou, LORD, unrivall'd in the sky,
 Supreme above the gods art own'd.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory ; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM C. (O. V.)

 TUNE, "ROME."

ALL people that on Earth do dwell,
 Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The LORD ye know is GOD indeed,
 Without our aid He doth us make ;
 We are his flock, He doth us feed,
 And for his sheep, He doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his Courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless his NAME always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? The LORD our GOD is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His Truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from Age to Age endure.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom heav'n and earth adore,
 Be glory ; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM CII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "COMPASSION."

WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
 Do Thou, O LORD attend ;
 To Thy Eternal Throne of grace
 Let my sad cry ascend.

O hide not Thou Thy Glorious Face
 In times of deep distress ;
 Incline Thine Ear, and, when I call,
 My sorrows soon redress.

Each cloudy portion of my life
 Like scatter'd smoke expires ;
 My shrivell'd bones are like a hearth
 Parch'd with continual fires.

My heart, like grass that feels the blast
 Of some infectious wind,
 Does languish so with grief, that scarce
 My needful food I mind.

But Thy eternal state, O LORD,
 No length of time shall waste ;
 The mem'ry of Thy Wond'rous Works
 From Age to Age shall last.

PSALM CII. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "COMPASSION."

THE Name and Glory of the LORD
 All heathen kings shall fear ;
 When He shall Sion build again,
 And in full state appear.

For GOD, from His Abode on high,
 His gracious beams display :
 The LORD from Heav'n, His lofty Throne,
 Does all the Earth survey.

He listens to the Captives' moans,
 He hears their mournful cry,
 And frees by His resistless pow'r
 The wretches doom'd to die.

That they in Sion, where He dwells,
 May celebrate His Fame,
 And through the holy City sing
 Loud praises to His NAME.

Then all the tribes assembled there
 Shall solemn vows address ;
 And neighb'ring Lands, with glad consent,
 The LORD their GOD confess.

PSALM CIII. (N. V.)

TUNE, "TRINITY."

THE LORD, the universal KING,
In Heav'n has fix'd His lofty Throne ;
To Him, ye Angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength His pow'r is shown.

Ye that His just Commands obey,
And hear, and do His sacred Will,
Ye hosts of His, this tribute pay,
Who still what He ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The Mighty LORD : and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

For high as Heav'n its Arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless Love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

PSALM CVI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "GRATITUDE."

O RENDER thanks to GOD above,
 The Fountain of Eternal Love;
 Whose Mercy firm through Ages past
 Hast stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty Deeds express,
 Not only vast but numberless?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of Immortal Praise?

Extend to me that favour, LORD,
 Thou to Thy Chosen dost afford:
 When Thou return'st to set Them free.
 Let Thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see
 Thy Saints in full prosperity!
 That I the joyful Choir may join,
 And count Thy people's triumph mine!

Let Israel's GOD be ever bless'd,
 His NAME eternally confess'd:
 Let all His Saints, with full accord,
 Sing loud Amens—PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CVIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "COLLEGE."

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
 To magnify Thy NAME ;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 Shall celebrate Thy Fame.

Awake, my Lute ; nor thou, my Harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay ;
 Whilst I with early Hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O LORD,
 Thy Wonders I will tell ;
 And to those Nations sing Thy praise
 That round about us dwell.

Because thy Mercy's boundless height
 The Highest Heav'n transcends,
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful Truth extends.

Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high
 Above the starry frame ;
 And let the World, with one consent,
 Confess THY GLORIOUS NAME.

PSALM CXI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "EATON."

PRAISE ye the LORD ; our GOD to praise
 My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of Saints, His praise shall be my song.

His Works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim ;
 His truth, confirm'd through Ages past,
 Shall to Eternal Ages last.

Just are the dealings of His hands,
 Immutable are His Commands ;
 By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
 And for Eternal Rules ordain'd.

He set his Saints from bondage free,
 And then establish'd his Decree,
 For ever to remain the same ;
 Holy and rev'rend is his NAME.

Who Wisdom's sacred prize would win,
 Must with the Fear of GOD begin ;
 Immortal praise and heavenly skill
 Have they, who know and do His Will.

PSALM CXIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "EXULTATION."

YE Saints and Servants of the LORD,
 The triumphs of His Name record ;
 His Sacred NAME for ever bless.
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to His GREAT NAME address.

GOD through the World extends His sway,
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of His glory are.
 With Him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
 Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care :
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM CXVI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "SACRAMENT."

MY Soul with grateful thoughts of love
 Entirely is possest,
 Because the LORD vouchsaf'd to hear
 The voice of my request.

Then what return to Him shall I
 For all His goodness make ?
 I'll praise His NAME, and with glad zeal
 The Cup of Blessing take.

I'll pay my vows among His Saints,
 Whose blood (howe'er despis'd
 By wicked men) in GOD's account
 Is always highly priz'd.

To Him I'll off'rings bring of praise ;
 And whilst I bless His NAME,
 The just performance of my vows
 To all His Saints proclaim.

They in JERUSALEM shall meet,
 And in His House shall join,
 To bless His NAME with one consent,
 And mix their songs with mine.

PSALM CXIX. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "WISDOM."

* INSTRUCT me in Thy Statutes LORD,
 Thy righteous paths display ;
 That I from them through all my life,
 May never go astray.

Do Thou to Thy most just Commands
 Incline my willing heart ;
 Let no desire of worldly wealth
 From Thee my thoughts divert.

From those vain objects turn my eyes,
 Which this false World displays ;
 But give me lively pow'r and strength
 To keep Thy righteous ways.

So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
 This ready answer make ;
 In GOD I trust, who never will
 His faithful promise break.

Then will I to Thy just Decrees
 Lift up my willing hands ;
 My care and business then shall be
 To study Thy Commands.

PSALM CXIX. PART II. (N. V.)

TUNE, "WISDOM."

x
 ACCORDING to Thy promis'd grace,
 Thy Favour, LORD, extend :
 Make good to me the Word, on which
 Thy Servant's hopes depend.

That only comfort in distress
 Did all my griefs controul ;
 Thy Word, when troubles hem'd me round,
 Reviv'd my fainting soul.

Insulting foes did proudly mock,
 And all my hopes deride ;
 Yet from Thy Law not all their scoffs
 Could make me turn aside.

But I Thy Statutes and Decrees
 My cheerful anthems made ;
 Whilst thro' strange lands and desert wilds
 I like a pilgrim stray'd.

Thy NAME, that cheer'd my heart by day,
 Has fill'd my thoughts by night ;
 Hence, I resolve, that in Thy strength,
 I'll guide my steps aright.

PSALM CXXI. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "SION."

TO Sion's Hill I lift my eyes,
 From thence expecting aid ;
 From Sion's Hill, and Sion's God,
 Who heav'n and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
 Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
 Will Israel's people keep.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
 Thou shalt securely rest,
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
 By day or night molest.

From common accidents of life
 His care shall guard thee still ;
 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
 That lie in wait to kill.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
 Thy God shall thee defend ;
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
 Safe to thy Journey's end.

PSALM CXXX. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ST. BRIDE'S."

FROM lowest depths of woe
 To GOD I sent my cry ;
 LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.

Should'st Thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear ?
 But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy Fear.

My soul with patience waits
 For Thee, the living LORD ;
 My hopes are on Thy Promise built,
 Thy never-failing Word.

Let Israel trust in GOD,
 No bounds His Mercy knows ;
 The plenteous Source and Spring from
 Eternal Succour flows. [whence

Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey ;
 A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
 And wash our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXXVI. (N. V.)

TUNE, "PARADISE."

TO GOD, the mighty LORD,
 Your joyful thanks repeat ;
 To Him due praise afford,
 As good as He is great.
 For GOD does prove our constant friend ;
 His boundless Love shall never end.

To Him whose wond'rous pow'r
 All other gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 This grateful homage pay.
 For GOD, &c.

By his Almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought ;
 The Heav'ns by his Command
 Were to perfection brought.
 For GOD, &c.

He, in our depth of woe,
 On us with favour thought,
 And from our cruel foe,
 In peace and safety brought.
 For GOD, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "BABYLON."

WHEN we our wearied limbs to rest,
 Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
 We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
 And Sion was our mournful Theme.

Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd
 To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
 Musick and mirth of us requir'd ;
 Come, sing us one of Sion's songs.

How shall we tune our voice to sing ?
 Or touch our Harps with skilful hands ?
 Shall Hymns of joy to GOD our KING
 Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?

O Salem, our once happy seat,
 When I of thee forgetful prove,
 Let then my trembling hand forget
 The speaking strings with art to move !

If I to mention thee forbear,
 Eternal silence seize my tongue :
 Or if I sing one cheerful air,
 Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

PSALM CXXXVIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "CONDESCENSION."

WITH my whole heart, my GOD and KING,
 Thy praise I will proclaim ;
 Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
 And bless Thy HOLY NAME.

I'll worship at Thy sacred seat ;
 And, with Thy Love inspir'd,
 The praises of Thy Truth repeat,
 O'er all Thy Works admir'd.

For GOD, although enthron'd on high,
 Does thence the poor respect ;
 The proud far off His scornful Eye
 Beholds with just neglect.

Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
 He shall my foes disarm ;
 Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,
 And keep me safe from harm.

The LORD, whose Mercies ever last,
 Shall fix my happy state ;
 And, mindful of His Favours past,
 Shall own His Work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ST. LUKE'S."

x
 THOU, LORD, by strictest search hast
 My rising up and lying down ; [known
 My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting Thee,
 Where, LORD, could I Thy influence shun?
 Or whither from Thy presence run?

If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there Thoudwell'stenthron'd in light ;
 Or dive to Hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.

If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest Thy Fugitive.

Or, should I try to shun Thy Sight
 Beneath the sable wings of Night ;
 One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into Day.

PSALM CXXXIX. PART II. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "ST. LUKE."

*
 THINE eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways :
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find Thy Hand :
 O skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye !

The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from Thy All-searching Eyes ;
 Thro' midnight shades Thou find'st thy
 As in the blazing noon of day. [way,

Let me acknowledge too, O God,
 That, since this maze of life I trod,
 Thy thoughts of Love to me surmount
 The pow'r of numbers to recount.

Far sooner could I reckon o'er
 The sands upon the Ocean shore ;
 Each morn revising what I've done,
 I find th' account but new begun.

PSALM CXLVI. (N. V.)

TUNE, "BENEDICTION."

O PRAISE the LORD, and thou, my Soul,
For ever bless His NAME ;
His wond'rous Love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.

Then happy he, who Jacob's GOD
For his Protector takes ;
Who still with well-plac'd hope the LORD
His constant Refuge makes.

For GOD, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast Truth,
Nor make His Promise vain.

PSALM CXLVIII. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "PARADISE."

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your MAKER'S Fame,
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame;
 Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim
 And Seraphim, To sing His Praise.

United zeal be shown
 His wond'rous Fame to raise,
 Whose GLORIOUS NAME alone
 Deserves our Endless Praise.
 Earth's utmost ends His pow'r obey;
 His glorious sway The sky transcends.

His Chosen Saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours Israel's race,
 Who still to Him are nigh.
 O therefore raise Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice The LORD to praise!

PSALM CXLIX. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "PRAISE."

O PRAISE ye the LORD,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing ;
 In our great CREATOR
 Let Israel rejoice ;
 And Children of Sion
 Be glad in their KING.

With glory adorn'd,
 His people shall sing
 To GOD, who their heads
 With safety does shield ;
 Their mouths fill'd with praises
 Of Him their Great KING ;
 Whilst a two-edged Sword
 Their right hand shall wield.

By angels in heav'n	Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,	All praise be adrest.
To GOD in THREE PERSONS,	One GOD ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,	And always shall be.

PSALM CL. (N. V.)

 TUNE, "NEW SABBATH."

O PRAISE the LORD in that blest Place,
 From whence His Goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in Heav'n, where He His Face
 Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.

Praise Him for all the mighty Acts
 Which He in our behalf has done ;
 His Kindness this return exacts,
 With which our Praise should equal run.

Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills His Praise rebound ;
 Praise Him with Harp's melodious noise,
 And gentle Psalt'ry's silver sound.

Let them, who joyful Hymns compose,
 To Cymbals set their songs of praise ;
 Cymbals of common use, and those
 That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath He does to them afford,
 In just returns of Praise employ :
 LET EV'RY CREATURE PRAISE THE LORD.

HYMNS.

Christmas. HYMN I.

TUNE, "CHRISTMAS."

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born KING ;
 " Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 " GOD and sinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 " CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem*."

Veil'd in flesh' the GODHEAD see ;
 Hail th' incarnate DEITY !
 Pleas'd as man with man t' appear,
 JESUS our IMMANUEL here.

Hail the heav'n-born PRINCE OF PEACE!
 Hail the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born to give them second birth.

Easter. HYMN II.

 TUNE, "HALLELUJAH."

* JESUS CHRIST is ris'n today, Hallelujah!
 Our triumphant holy day; Hall.
 Who so lately on the cross Hall.
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss. Hall.

Hymns of praises let us sing Hall.
 Unto CHRIST, our heav'nly KING; Hall.
 Who endur'd the cross and grave, Hall.
 Sinners to redeem and Save. Hall.

But the pains which he endur'd Hall.
 Our salvation have procur'd! Hall.
 Now he reigns above the sky, Hall.
 Where the angels ever cry, Hall.

Good - Friday. HYMN III.

TUNE, "ROME."

x

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
 On which the PRINCE OF GLORY died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love such sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so bright a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so Divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host:
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Whitsunday. HYMN IV.

TUNE, "WHITSUNDAY."

ETERNAL SPIRIT ! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
 Chase from our minds our restless foe ;
 And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow ;
 And, lest our feet should ever stray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe ;
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The FATHER and the SON by Thee !

Immortal honours, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty FATHER'S name ;
 The SAVIOUR SON be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;

And equal adoration be,
 Eternal SPIRIT, paid to Thee !
 Come, visit every pious mind,
 And pour thy joys on human kind !

Trinity Sunday. HYMN V.

TUNE, "GERMAN HYMN."

GLORY be to **GOD** on high!
GOD, whose glory fills the sky!
 Peace on **Earth**, and man forgiv'n!
 Man the well-belov'd of **Heav'n**!

Sov'reign FATHER! **Heav'nly King!**
 Thee we now presume to sing,
 Glad Thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all and numberless.

Hail, by all Thy works, ador'd!
 Hail, the everlasting **LORD!**
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
LORD of pow'r, and **GOD** of Love!

HOLY SPIRIT! Thee we own!
 Thee, **O CHRIST**, the only **SON;**
LAMB of **GOD**, the Victim slain
 Man to save from endless pain.

Veni Creator. HYMN VI.

TUNE, "PENTECOST."

COME HOLY GHOST! Creator, come,
 Inspire the Souls of *Thine* ;
 Till ev'ry heart, which Thou hast made,
 Is fill'd with Grace divine.

Thou art the COMFORTER, the Gift
 Of GOD, and Fire of Love :
 Th' everlasting Spring of Joy,
 And Unction from above.

Teach us the FATHER to confess,
 And SON from Death reviv'd ;
 And with them both, THEE, HOLY GHOST,
 Who art from both deriv'd.

With thee O FATHER, therefore, may
 The SON, from death restor'd,
 And sacred COMFORTER, one GOD,
 Devoutly be ador'd :

As in all Ages heretofore
 Has constantly been done,
 As now it is, and shall be so
 When time his course has run.

Sacramental. HYMN VII.

 TUNE, "ANGEL'S HYMN."

MY GOD, and is thy table spread?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy goodness know.

Hail, sacred feast! which JESUS makes;
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
 And may each soul salvation see
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O LORD,
 In thronging numbers let them come,
 And gather from their FATHER'S board
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let thy spreading glory rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run,
 Till with this bread all men be blest,
 Who see the light or feel the sun.

Funeral. HYMN VIII.

TUNE, "IMMORTALITY."

And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay.

Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

GOD my REDEEMER lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below
And sing his power above.

Dear LORD accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN IX.

 TUNE, "FUNERAL THOUGHT."

HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
 My ears attend the cry ;

' Ye living men, come view the ground
 ' Where you must shortly lie.

' Princes, this clay must be your bed,

' In spite of all your towers ;

' The tall, the wise, the reverend head

' Must lie as low as ours.'

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?

And are we still secure ?

Still walking downward to our tomb,

And yet prepare no more ?

Grant us the powers of quickening grace

To fit our souls to fly,

Then when we drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise above the sky.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,

The GOD whom we adore,

Be glory ; as it was, is now,

And shall be evermore.

HYMN X.

 TUNE, "REVELATION."

x
 HEAR what the voice from heav'n
 For all the pious dead ; [proclaims,
 Sweet is the savour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus and are bless'd ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From suff'ring and from sins releas'd,
 And freed from ev'ry snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the LORD ;
 The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

HYMN XI.

 TUNE, "CROWLE."

x

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 Death is the herald Jesus sends
 To call them to His arms.

Upwards our footsteps also go
 To heav'ns desired abode?
 And should we wish the hours more slow,
 Which keeps us from our GOD?

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 Since there our Saviour's body lay,
 And left a rich perfume.

The graves of all His Saints He blest,
 And soften'd every bed:
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying head.

Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way,
 Whither our bodies too shall fly
 At the great rising Day.

Missionary. HYMN XII.

TUNE, "ROME."

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the LORD is GOD alone ;
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'n our voices raise ;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the World is Thy command :
 Vast as eternity Thy love:
 Firm as a rock Thy Truth shall stand,
 Till rolling years shall cease to move.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory ; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

HYMN XIII.

 TUNE, "ROME."

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
 And princes throng to crown his head :
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our KING ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud *Amen*.

HYMN XIV.

 TUNE, "ST. MATTHIAS."

BEHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way :
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just !
 For ever sure thy promise, LORD,
 And men securely trust.

My gracious GOD, how plain
 Are thy directions given.
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, glory be ;
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
 To all eternity.

HYMN XV.

 TUNE, "JUBILEE."

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The sweet and solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of *Jubilee* is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

Extol the Lamb of God,
 The great atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption thro' His blood
 To all the world proclaim :
 The year &c.

Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 See it restor'd unsought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.
 The year &c.

The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year of *Jubilee* is come ;
 Return to your eternal home.

HYMN XVI.

TUNE, "DENBIGH."

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the CREATOR'S praise arise ;
Let the REDEEMER'S Name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, LORD ;
Eternal truth attends thy Word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host :
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Miscellaneous. HYMN XVII.

TUNE, "SABBATH."

THE festal morn, my GOD, is come,
 That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore :
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the sacred floor.

And, lo ! to my enraptur'd eyes
 The heav'n built towers of *Salem* rise !
 By faith, with glad survey,
 I view her mansions, that contain
 Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
 And shine with cloudless day.

Thither, from earth's remotest end,
 Lo ! the redeem'd of GOD ascend ;
 Their tribute thither bring ;
 There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal KING.

HYMN XVIII.

 TUNE, "REST."

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should Earth against my soul engage,
 And Hell's fierce darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares, like wildest billows, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my Home,
 My GOD, my Heav'n, my All.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
 On seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be glory; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

HYMN XIX.

 TUNE, "ASCENSION."

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud the SAVIOUR'S name,
 Ye, who JESU'S kindness prove
 Triumph in—REDEEMING LOVE.

Ye, who see the FATHER'S grace
 Beaming in IMMANUEL'S Face,
 As to Canaan on ye move
 Praise and bless—REDEEMING LOVE.

Mourning souls dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and sin remove,
 Cancell'd by—REDEEMING LOVE.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste—REDEEMING LOVE.

Welcome all by sin opprest,
 Welcome all to Jesus Christ,
 Nothing brought Him from above,
 Nothing but—REDEEMING LOVE.

HYMN XX.

 TUNE, " FOUNTAIN."

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there would I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying LAMB, Thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of GOD
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

Ere since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply.
 Redeeming love hath been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
 When this poor lisp'ing stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN XXI.

 TUNE, "ASCENSION."

x

BLESSED fountain full of grace !
 Grace for Sinners, grace for me ;
 To this Source alone I trace,
 All I am, and hope to be.

What I am ; as one Redeem'd
 Sav'd and rescued by the LORD ;
 Hating what I once esteemed ;
 Loving what I once abhor'd.

What I hope to be ; ere long
 When I take my place above ;
 When I join the heavenly throng ;
 When I see the GOD of love.

When I "see him as he is,"
 No Corruption can remain ;
 Such their portion who are his :
 Such the happy state they gain.

Blessed fountain, full of grace !
 Grace for sinners, grace for me :
 To this Source alone I trace,
 All I am, and hope to be.

HYMN XXII.

TUNE, "MEDITATION."

TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

My spirit faints to see thy grace :
Thy promise bears me up :
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Seven times a day I lift my hands
And pay my thanks to thee ;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotions rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN XXIII.

 TUNE, "HOME."

x

' COME hither, all ye weary souls;
 ' Ye heavy laden sinners come ;
 ' I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 ' And raise you to my heavenly home.
 ' They shall find rest that learn of me ;
 ' I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 ' But passion rages like the sea,
 ' And pride is restless as the wind.
 ' Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 ' My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 ' My yoke is easy to his neck,
 ' My grace shall make the burden light.'

JESUS, we come at thy command,
 With faith and hope and humble zeal
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory ; as it was, of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

HYMN XXIV.

TUNE, "SHIRLAND."

I HEAR thy Word with love,
And fain I would obey :
Send thy good SPIRIT from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

O who can ever find
The errors of his ways !
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every sin ;
Forgive my secret faults ;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

HYMN XXV.

TUNE, "GOSPEL."

THE Law commands, and bids us know,
 What duties to our GOD we owe :
 But 'tis the Gospel must instil
 Where lies our strength to do His Will.

The Law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shows how vile our hearts have been :
 But in the Gospel we can trace
 Forgiving Love and cleansing Grace.

What anger does the law denounce
 Against the man, that fails but once !
 But in the Gospel CHRIST appears
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

Sinners, no more attempt to draw
 A claim of merit from the Law ;
 Fly to the Grace the Gospel gives ;
 The soul that trusts the promise, lives.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory ; as it was, of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

HYMN XXVI.

 TUNE, "MANCHESTER."

×
 O THAT the LORD would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my GOD would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !

LORD, send thy SPIRIT down, to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desire, arise
 Within this soul of mine.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands—
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my GOD.

HYMN XXVII.

 TUNE, "HOTHAM."

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest scowls on high ;
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is staid ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in Thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is Thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

HYMN XXVIII.

TUNE, "REQUEST."

MY GOD, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine,
And let my early Cries prevail
To taste Thy love divine.

My thirsty fainting soul,
Thy Mercy doth implore ;
Not Travellers in desert Lands
Can pant for Water more.

For Life without thy Love
No Relish can afford :
No joy can be compar'd to this,—
To serve and please the LORD.

In wakeful Hours of Night
I call my GOD to mind :
I think how wise thy Counsels are,
Thy Dealings all how kind !

Since Thou hast been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies :
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful hope relies.

HYMN XXIX.

 TUNE, "ADORATION."
 ———

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the LAMB, that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus :
 "Worthy the LAMB," our hearts reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

JESUS is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r Divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, LORD, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him, who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the LAMB.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, glory be ;
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
 To all eternity.

HYMN XXX.

 TUNE, "NEW YORK."

SING to the LORD JEHOVAH's name,
 And in his strength rejoice :
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing :
 The LORD's a GOD of boundless might,
 The whole creation's KING.

Come, and with humble souls adore ;
 Come, kneel before his face :
 O may the creatures of his pow'r
 Be children of his grace !

Now is the time his gifts to share ;
 He waits for your request :
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
 " Ye shall not see my rest."

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

HYMN XXXI.

TUNE, "PROVIDENCE."

WHEN all thy mercies O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O! how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
Which glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

HYMN XXXII.

 TUNE, "ST. MATTHEW."

SOV'REIGN of life, I own Thy hand
 In every chastening stroke :
 And, while I smart beneath Thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.

To Thee in my distress I cry'd,
 And Thou hast bow'd Thine ear ;
 Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
 And brought salvation near.

Praise to the LORD, whose gentle hand
 Renews my labouring breath :
 Praise to the LORD, who makes His saints
 Triumphant e'en in death.

My GOD, in Thine appointed hour
 Those heavenly gates display,
 Where pain and sin, and fear and death
 For ever flee away.

There, while the nations of the bless'd
 With raptures bow around,
 My anthems to deliv'ring grace,
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

HYMN XXXIII.

TUNE, "RAGLAND."

SWEET is the work, my GOD, my KING,
To praise thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly cares shall vex my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like *David's* harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels! how divine!

O soon may faith to knowledge grow,
And clear each mystery below;
Till ev'ry power find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory; as it was, of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

HYMN XXXIV.

TUNE, "PASTORAL."

THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN XXXV.

TUNE, "ASCENSION."

JESU ! meek redeeming Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am :
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee ;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

Fairer than the Sons of Men,
Do not let me turn again ;
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

Whom have I on earth below ?
Only thee I'd wish to know ;
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
Thou art all in all to me.

All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love ;
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite ! Unsearchable !

HYMN XXXVI.

 TUNE, "WILLS."

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WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my MAKER face to face,
 Oh, how shall I appear.

If *now*, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought ;

When thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgement on my soul,
 O how shall I appear !

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
 Which does her sins lament,
 That JESUS suffer'd unto death,
 Her suff'rings to prevent.

Then never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only SON hath died
 To make forgiveness sure.

HYMN XXXVII.

TUNE, "MESSIAH."

I KNOW that my REDEEMER lives :
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives ! He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head.

He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all-glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives that I may conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my JESUS still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my REDEEMER lives.

HYMN XXXVIII.

 TUNE, "JUDGMENT."

GREAT GOD! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created:
 I see the Judge of man appear
 On clouds of glory seated:
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead, which they contain'd before!
 Prepare my soul to meet Him!

The dead in CHRIST are first to rise,
 And greet th' Archangel's warning—
 To meet the SAVIOUR in the skies,
 Good works their faith adorning:
 No gloomy fears their soul dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet Him.

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HYMN XXXIX.

TUNE, "THANKSGIVING."

PRAISE GOD within these hallow'd Walls,
His Grace he here bestows ;
Praise him in Heav'ns resplendent Courts,
His glory there he shows.

Let ev'ry Pow'r within us join,
While we rehearse his Deeds ;
But the great Work of saving Love,
Our highest Praise exceeds.

Music's soft Notes and swelling Sounds,
In harmony employ,
To aid Devotion, and exalt
The Triumphs of your Joy.

Since All to their Creator owe
The Breath by which they live,
Loud Songs of never-ceasing Praise
Let ev'ry Creature give.

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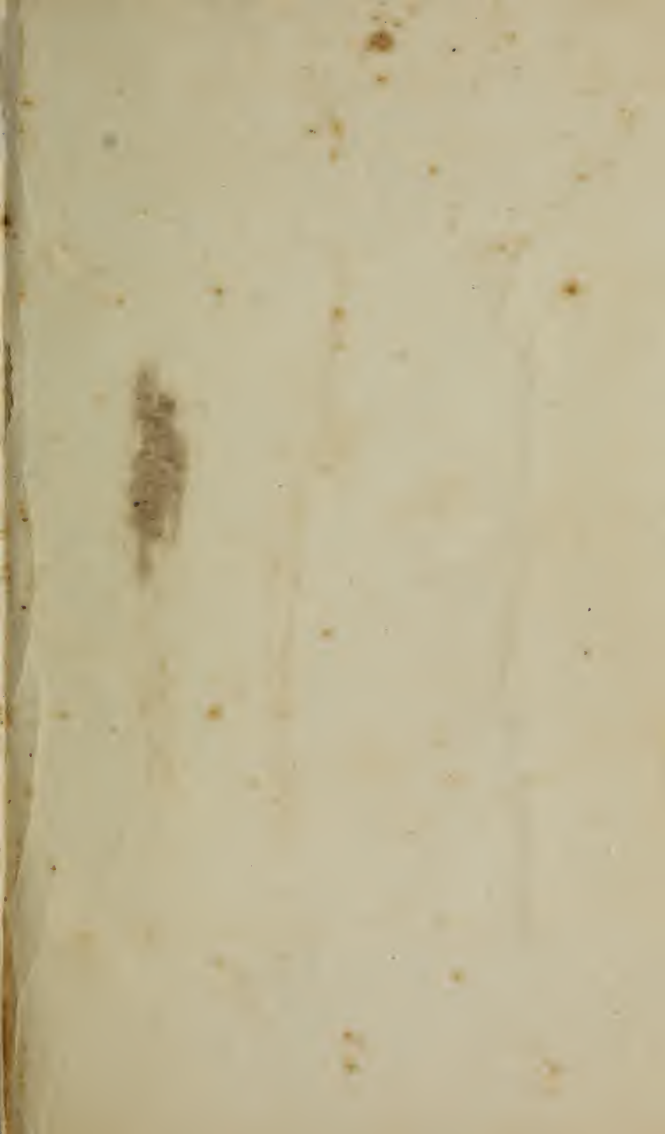
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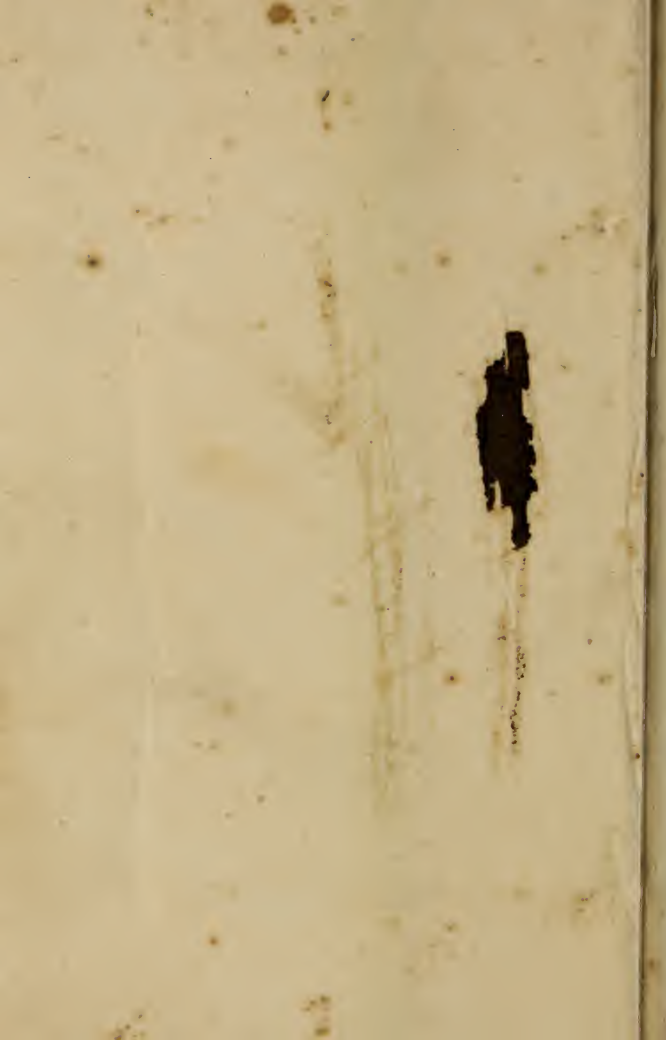
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William C. C. C.
January 24th 1874

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